

The Strangest Thing by zelakowski

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Romance, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-07-21 04:04:56

Updated: 2016-07-21 04:04:56

Packaged: 2019-12-17 14:33:15

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 636

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Jonathan Byers and Nancy Wheelers brought together by darkness & a monster. A story from the world of the new Netflix series "Stranger Things," I own nothing.

The Strangest Thing

"Can you just come up here?" He nearly asked her to repeat it but was afraid that she may change her words if he did. He quickly got up, grabbing his gun and replied a simple "yeah" before laying down beside her. Here he was- Jonathan Byers: a "weird creep" who lugged around his camera taking photos of things he shouldn't, in a bed beside Nancy Wheeler. It was clear to him how he felt (sorta). "Do you want the lights on or-"

"On," she quickly replied. He felt stupid for asking- "Yeah."

He really cared for her and always had. He had noticed her long before Steve Harrington ever took interest in her but high school social status was a much too powerful force for Jonathan Byers. As he laid beside her, he couldn't help but feel sublimely relieve and even... happy? As soon as the word slipped into his mind he snatched up and away. How could he be happy? How could he be so selfish? Will was missing, it wasn't fair to be happy. Maybe "happy" was the wrong term, he couldn't be truly happy at a time like this. Guilt crept around at him again thinking how terrified she must be right now. But the sight of Nancy Wheeler's brown hair and small body next to him on a soft bed made him feel nothing short of magical. She wanted to ask him to hold her. He wanted to hold her. Steve intruded her mind for only a moment before she let it move on, thinking instead how grateful she was that Jonathan was beside her. He noticed her tense state beside him, her eyes are those of a child who'd just seen a horror film for the very first time. "You know..." he started tentatively. "It can't get us in here." She looked on the verge of tears before replying softly, "we don't know that". How could he argue her logic? Knowing he couldn't, he surrendered to just trying to make her feel safe and assured. "Nancy I couldn't ever let anything happen to you." She turned her body to face him, her blue eyes hit him like a car at full force. He almost forgot how to breathe. "I know that."

"Do you?" She nodded her head slowly. "I'm not sure what it is or why you would even want to but... I think I know that. I feel a lot safer with you... for some reason." He nodded in coherence of her words and tried to think of what to say next. He motioned to himself

laying there asking "are you sure this is okay?" She nodded quickly. "Please stay," she whispered as her voice broke. He nodded and she gave him a small smile that said "thank you." She noticed him fold his arms and shiver slightly. He would never cover himself without her permission, that was just the kind of guy he was: respectable. "You can get under the covers you know," she said. He gave her a questioning look but she nodded in approval of this. He got up and lifted the blanket slowly, without breaking eye contact just to make sure everything he did was okay; he didn't want to cross any line with her. They stared at each other for a while, laying in utter silence that was as comfortable as the soft bed they were laying on. He wouldn't fall asleep before her or even immediately after her; he wanted to make sure she was okay. When she finally did close her eyes, he couldn't help but notice her scooting closer to him. He also couldn't help but notice the need to hold her, a need he ignored out of respect. As Nancy fell asleep, she secretly wished he'd act on this need.